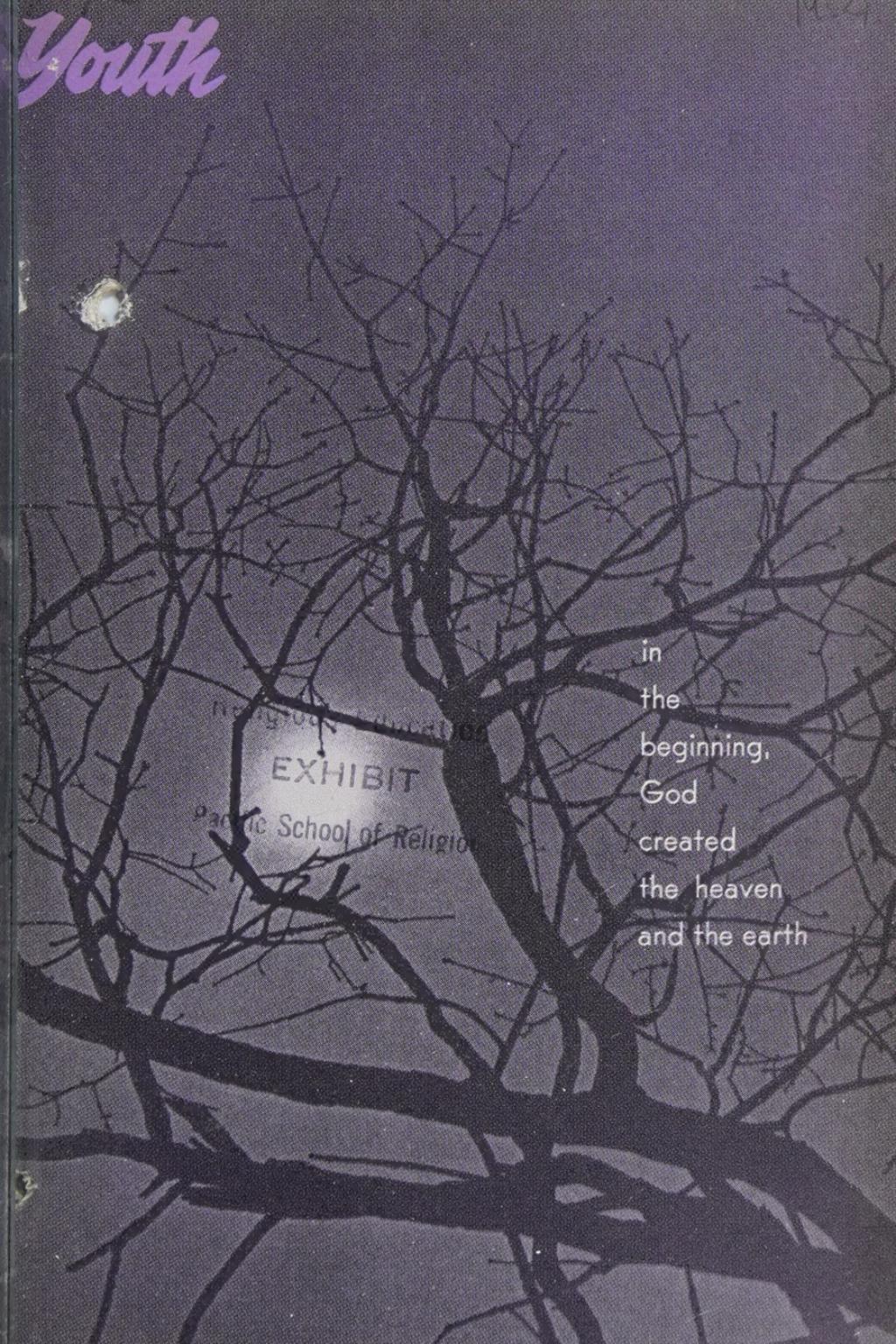


# Youth



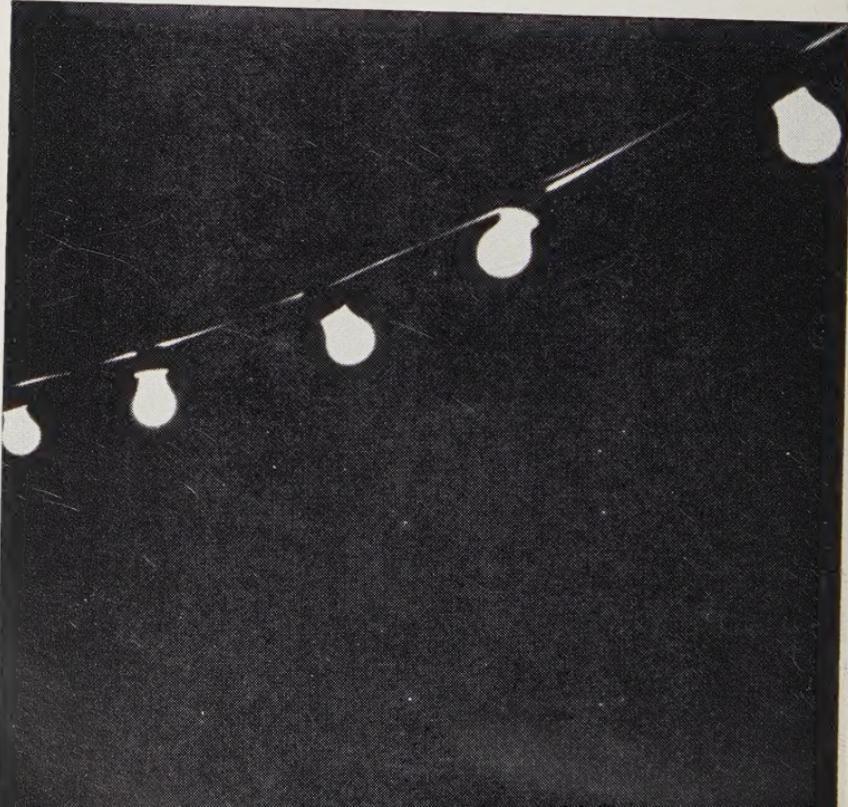
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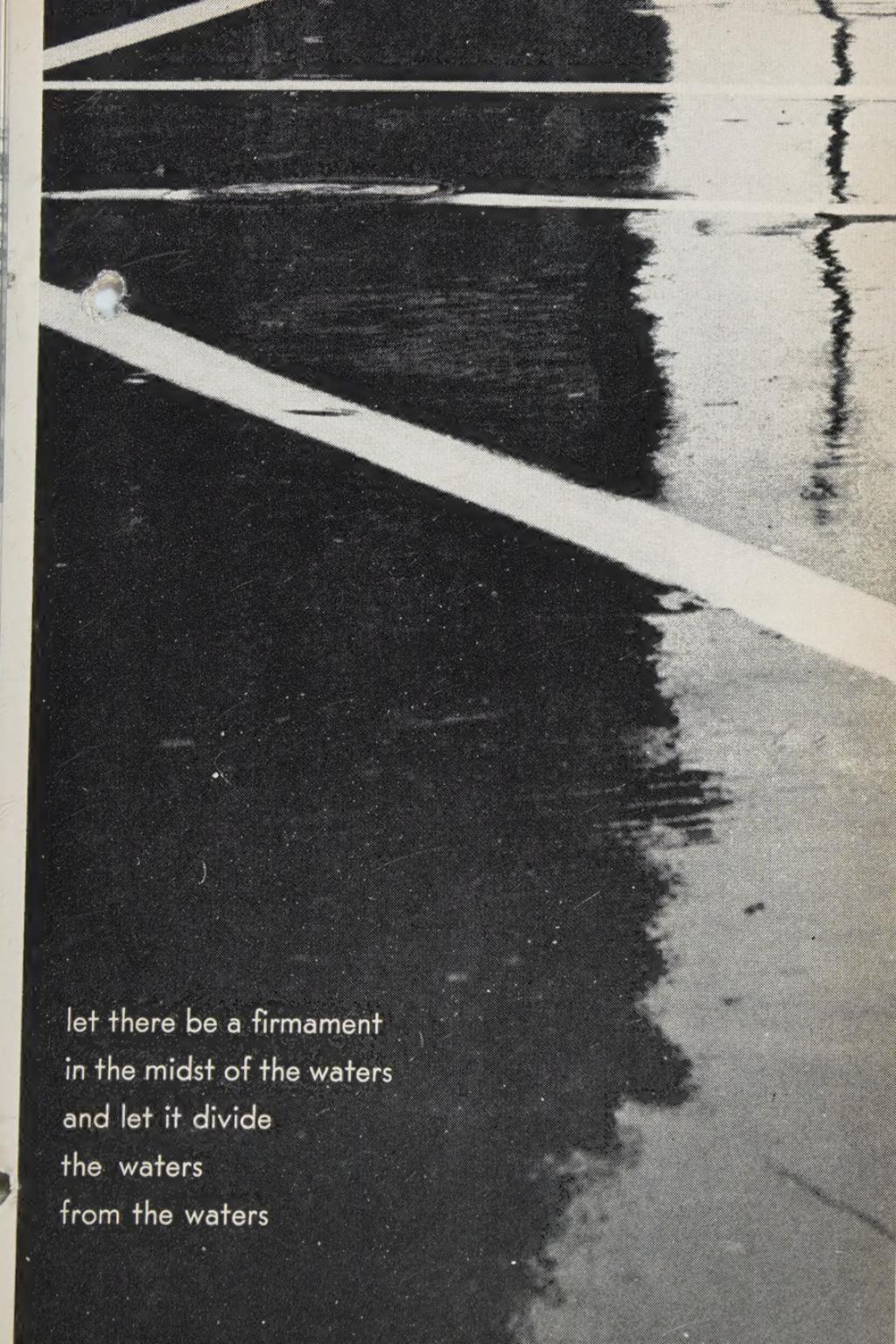
in  
the  
beginning,  
God  
created  
the heaven  
and the earth

the earth was without form, and void;  
darkness was upon the face of the deep  
and the Spirit of God moved  
upon the face of the waters.



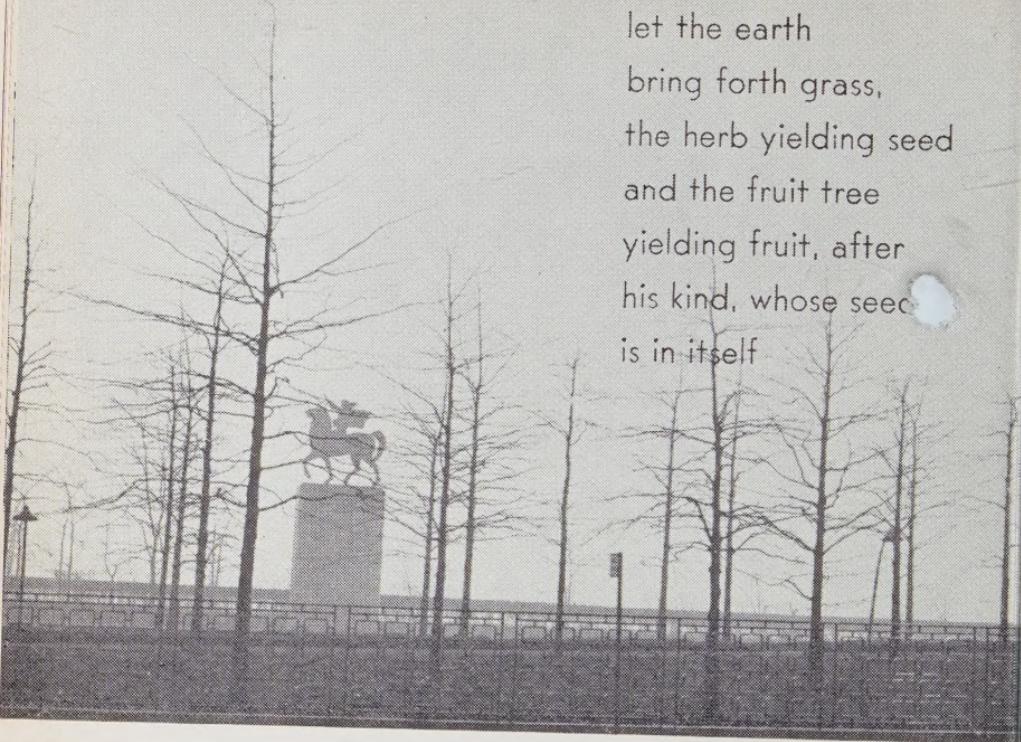
and God said, let there be light: and there was light

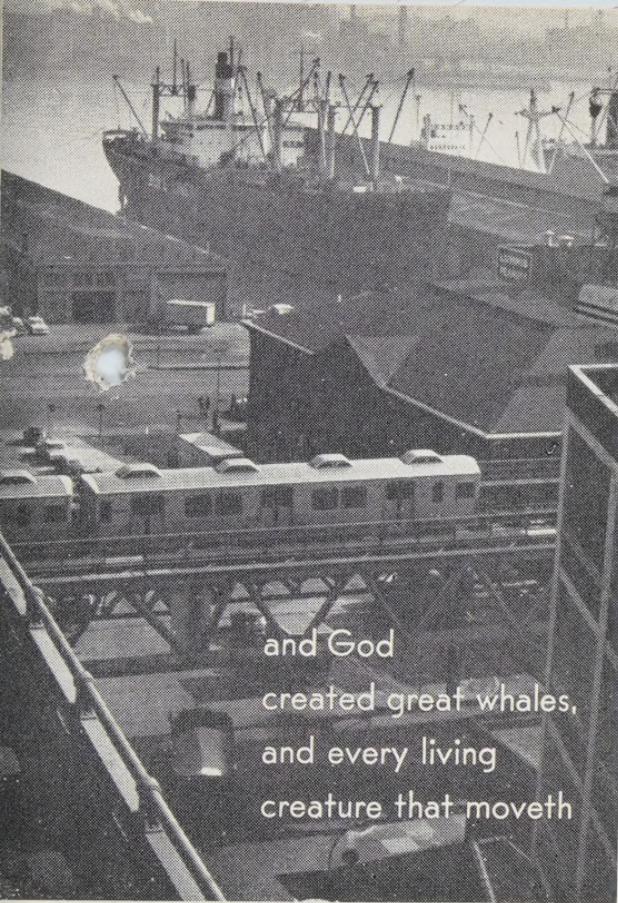




let there be a firmament  
in the midst of the waters  
and let it divide  
the waters  
from the waters

let the earth  
bring forth grass,  
the herb yielding seed  
and the fruit tree  
yielding fruit, after  
his kind, whose seed  
is in itself





and God  
created great whales,  
and every living  
creature that moveth



and God said,  
let the earth  
bring forth  
the living creature  
after his kind,  
cattle, and the  
creeping thing, and  
the beast of the earth  
after his kind:  
and it was so.

# Youth

NOVEMBER 10, 1963

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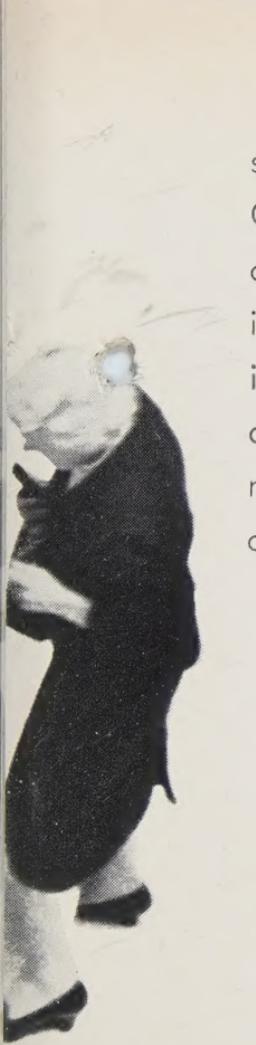
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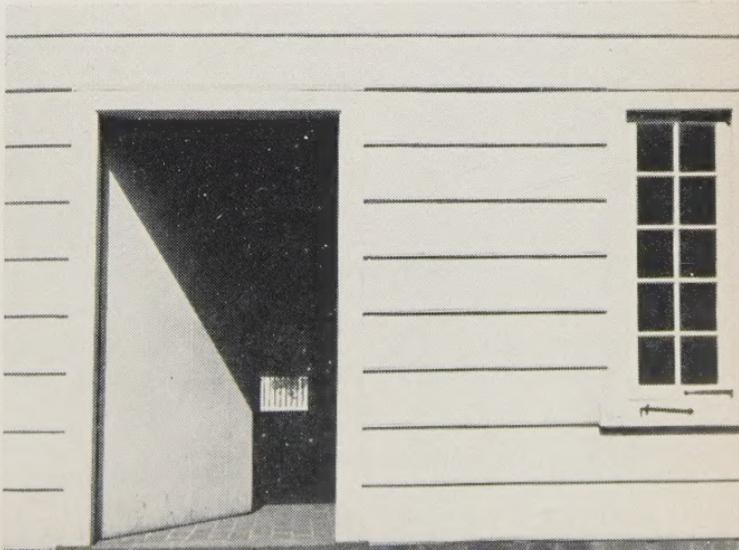
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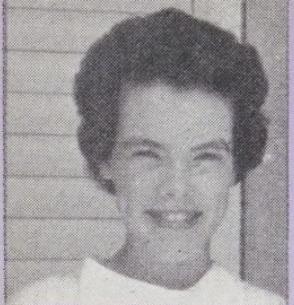




so  
God  
created man  
in his own image,  
in the image of God  
created he him;  
male and female  
created he him

and he rested  
on the seventh day  
from all his work  
which he had made.





## WORDS OF WONDER/

### BEFORE LEAVING

“Goodbye to your turtle named Fred that has FRED written on his shell and has always slept in your jewelry box until now.

“Goodbye” to the lady who is holding large black olives in the A & P and who knows your mother from PTA but calls you your older sister’s name.

“Goodbye” to the wee drawer in your desk in which you particularly liked to keep wee things like two pink shells, an acorn and paper clips.

“Goodbye” to a bent sycamore branch that you have been saving under a bush next to the bird feeder in the back yard.

“Goodbye” to a little bit of the tip of your fingers which you left on a bronzed forehead (that wasn’t yours—but almost).



### REALITY

There's a lime transparent caterpillar  
hangin' over there.

He's holdin' on to nothin'  
but he believes it's there  
so he doesn't fall.

Listen to him whistle “merry spider waltz”  
He'll find out.

Maybe.

## I CORINTHIANS 13: 11

Judy and I are good friends, except for sometimes. She lives two doors from my house and we are always together. You know what? She has a pretend Bohack's store. And she has a yellow nylon bathing suit that dries as soon as she gets out of the water. She watches television much more than we do, but it's not only because our television doesn't work all the time. Lots of times she just can't think of anything else to do. Sometimes we play dolls. One time she cut Barbara's bangs. Barbara is my favorite doll. Judy was sure Barbara's hair would grow like our hair. But it didn't grow. I was mad. I'm mad at her now.

This morning at recess she was getting on my nerves. Judy's sick of having my little sister, Louise, play with us. Louise is two years younger than we are and she doesn't play the way we do. When we play house Judy is the father and I'm the mother. What can Louise be? She sits and watches. Judy likes to have our dolls be the children. Louise is too big to be the children. Judy thinks Louise is just a bother. She doesn't want her to play with us anymore.

Well I do. Judy doesn't have a sister so she doesn't know how it is. I like having a little sister. Judy can't talk to anybody after she gets in bed. Judy can't complain to anyone when she's putting on those stupid leggings with those stupid suspenders that try to pull your shoulders down to your knees. Judy has no one to play with when her mother says she can't go out. But I do. Besides that there is no one on our street Louise's age. Who else could Louise play with?

Anyway, at recess Judy kept fussing about Louise. I didn't say a thing. She kept doing it for ten million hours. Finally I slugged her. I still didn't say anything. She hollered bloody murder. Both of her front teeth had fallen out. When I wouldn't tell Miss Lee what had happened, Miss Lee took *Me* to the nurse. I wasn't going to tell anything to that stupid nurse. Why do people always have to know everything? Judy's teeth were out. Everyone could just figure out for themselves that she had gotten on my nerves enough to deserve it.

When I get home Mother's going to ask why I hit Judy. I'm not going to tell anyone. It's just between Judy and me. I hate walking home alone. I'm going to have to make some new friends I guess. Here comes Judy. She looks different without her front teeth. Maybe she'll knock mine out. Why should she be mad? Everyone is going to lose their teeth next year when they're six. The boy across the street who has the two-wheeler bicycle told me so. I'll ignore Judy until she says something.

"Hi, Nanny-goat. How about coming over to play?"

"Okay."

## SAIL BY NIGHT

Phosphorescent water bubbles  
under crescent.

No, it's round—a copper penny deep  
in well of mist and blackness—never bleakness—moon.

Mourn for those not warm in strength of arms persisting.  
Boat is listing.

I fall out and float on visions.

Now enraptured, captured by the  
fire of wing  
the warmth of cheeks  
the beat of hearts.



## AMBITION

Stand on tip-toe. But don't stretch too high because  
you might reach high C ♯  
which is also d ♯.

Stand on tip-toe. But don't stretch too high because  
you might see yellow tied in a bow  
which would go limp when it rained.

Stand on tip-toe. But don't stretch too high because  
you might taste GoodandPlenty pink  
which is black underneath.

Stand on tip-toe. But don't stretch too high because  
you might hear Solemn Sunday ringing  
which could also be laughing in your face because you don't know

Run to technicolor and to  
“They-lived-happily-ever-after.”



## GOOD NIGHT

“Ogguldy goomp,” said the tree frog.

“Ogguldy goomp,” said his mate.

“Ogguldy goomp, have some tea, frog.”

“Ogguldy goomp, it’s so late.”

“Ogguldy goomp can’t you see, frog,  
that the hour can’t serve to excuse?”

“Ogguldy goomp, but for me, frog,  
’tis late, and i’m forced to refuse.”

“Ogguldy goomp. You don’t love me.  
Why else would you ever say no?”

“Ogguldy goomp, but i love tea.  
It’s just grand when one’s feelings are low.”

“Ogguldy goomp. Then refuse me—  
refuse me—and ruin my life.”

“Ogguldy goomp, but its just tea—”

“But the tea will be cold and i’ll feel very old  
before anyone comes here  
to sweep up the crumbs, dear . . .”

“But ogguldy” . . . what did that mean?  
i forgot.

Ogguldy

Ogguldy

Ogguldy

tea with sugar

mmmmmmmm!

# HOW'S YOU

The advertiser is hungry for your money. After all, that's what he's hired to do—to get you to spend your money on the products he's hired to sell. And he knows that you—as a modern teenager—are a plush market. You have more money to spend than teens of past generations. You're a beginner as a buyer and so he'll hook you on the habit of buying his products while you're young. And the ad-man knows that you are an excellent entree to your parents, for you help influence what your family buys.

And so the game begins. He throws you a line and you've got to decide whether it's a bait to buy something you do not really need, or if it's a legitimate line on helping you buy something you honestly need. And because you're young, the ad-man thinks you're a soft sell—and sometimes you are. But often you are not!

Your best defense is to develop your Ad-Resistance. First, be aware that you're being enticed. Second, recognize that the advertiser will try to reach you through certain basic appeals that are a normal part of everyone's personality. Third, decide whether this is really for you—something in harmony with what you truly are—or whether you're being asked to buy something you don't need for reasons that are inadequate for you.

Much of the advertiser's approach is based on what he thinks is good or necessary for you and others. He is both a product and a shaper of his culture—status-climbers, money-makers, success-seekers, leisure-lovers, etc. You, too, are a product of your culture—unless you would rather not let the culture squeeze you into its own mold. Because the basic decision of what's right and wrong is still yours, you are also a shaper of your culture. Sometimes you and the ad-man agree. Other times, you'll not agree and he'll try to be convincing. As a test run, check the following commonly-used appeals. How's your A-R rating?

### ***Be a real man or woman.***

Each person wants to grow into full maturity and to become the best possible person he can. A man wants to be a real he-man and a woman wants to be as feminine as she can be. The ad-men know this. And so they appeal to the boy to become an Atlas or to "fight pimples like a man." To the girl there is the promise that "nothing makes a woman more feminine or more attractive" than a certain widely-advertised perfume. "Every girl, we are assured in another ad, "is more of a girl in \_\_\_\_\_ sweaters and tights." Another ad introduces its enduring female colors in nail polish with

# 4D-RESISTANCE?

*... it is <sup>smart</sup> in Miami . . .*

**Every Man  
Needs a  
Good Line.**

the er-<sup>1</sup> fument, "because you're part-angel, part-siren, and always a woman." Is this all it takes to make a man a man or a woman a woman?

### ***The sex appeal***

Naturally, each of us likes to be attractive to the opposite sex. It's normal to want to be liked, but the *manner* in which we make ourselves attractive to others determines the depth and genuineness of our personal appeal. Few ads aimed at teens feature the obvious cheesecake. Rather, the appeal is to vibrant youth reflecting that "refreshing new feeling." Occasionally there may be a subtle teaser like "pants to provoke in" (a clothing ad) or "how to take it off like a lady" (an electric shaver for ladies). "How do you rate as a date?" begins the hair-coloring ad in a teen magazine. "Use your head to catch his eye," a manufacturer of hair preparations suggests. An ad urging the male to buy a leading perfume says, "Promise her anything but give her \_\_\_\_\_." Lasting relationships, however, are built on more than odor.

### ***An unreal world of fantasy***

We all dream. Sometimes it's good for us. It lifts our horizons, leads to new worlds. Some ads suggest a world in which our dreams are fulfilled. This is the world of the contests—a trip to Paris, diamonds from Tiffany's, teen-age beauty queen, that long-desired trip around the world, a Princess phone in your room plus paid-up local service for one year. Or "I dreamed I was a movie star in my \_\_\_\_\_. " Again, "It's a bright world with \_\_\_\_\_. " But the world of reality reminds us that we cannot live solely on dreams.

### ***Dazzling personalities***

Great names and personalities impress us. And so the ads show Jerry Lewis saying, "one of the youngest" goes for a leading beverage. It implies, therefore, we ought to go for it, too. Frankie Avalon advises the purchase of a certain musical instrument. Or the movies inspire other ads; here is the make-up used by the teenagers in "Bye Bye, Birdie" or the fashions inspired by "Gidget Goes to Rome." A product absorbs value from its famous supporters. A product is good because it was advertised in a widely-circulated weekly.

### ***Hitchhiking ingredient***

We cherish high ideals, worthy values, and creative thinking. And this is good. And so, many advertisers promote gilt by association—they try to

# DO YOU LET THE WORLD OF ADVERTISING INFLUENCE YOUR THINKING AT THE EXPENSE OF YOUR JUDGMENT?

identify their products with our positive thoughts. Thus, "the lively crowd . . . who thinks young" always goes for a certain popular drink. The subtle promise is that the product itself enables you to "think young." And we know that true love is enduring, and so the jeweler says that his rings are "as timeless as love."

### ***Affluence and prestige***

We enjoy being important. The old image of the sloppy, barefoot youth with shirt tails outside the jeans and the jeans themselves hanging low off the hips is taboo. The new appeal is to sophistication and status. Be Junior Sophisticate, we are urged. Develop that bold look of sophistication "You'll go for the big, bold Italian look of ———." There are other names of status—"the big brass on the campus," "the solid citizens," "the keenest dresser," and the assurance that "Bright girls sleep in ——— pajamas."

### ***Shame***

We have our sensitivities and the advertiser strikes hard at two of them—body odor and acne. Although our needs are real in these two areas, the ad-men often make it worse than it really is, thus making us feel worse than we need to, but also making us more susceptible to the advertiser's product. There is a difference between recognizing your need to check body odor and feeling shame when one is convinced that he is only "half safe." Acne presents a real problem to many teens, mostly because of a lack of information. But when the ad refers to "the lonely world of acne," is the ad-man simply stating fact or playing on your emotions? With the right product, the ad says, you can remove yourself from this shame or disgrace and "look lovelier instantly." "Even a terrific swim suit," we are reminded fallaciously "won't make up for a bad complexion." There is no substitute for good hygiene and medical care.

### ***Cultivating your anxieties***

If shame won't move you, there is another way—an appeal to your anxieties. Are you sure that bad breath did not "talk yourself out of a date?" Are you just "one big mess" until you find the right wallet? Perhaps you are "the lass with the 'delicate skin'" and need special attention. Or had it ever occurred to you that "daylight requires its own special make-up?" Or could it be that you are "just a hair shade away from looking younger . . . prettier?" And if you are unhappy about your weight, have you examined — — — Gelatin? If you have no anxieties, reading the ads will soon give you some.

# Do you pass the QUEEZE YOU INTO ITS OWN MOLD? WHIFF TEST

## *Heed the voice of your peers*

"Take a lesson from Miss Teenage America," an ad urges with an attractive full color photo of the lovely winner. "Go back to school with \_\_\_\_\_" perfume preparations. The advertiser is convinced that one teenager can sell another teenager. So one manufacturer of a skin cleanser produces a teen personality of the month who tells in a convincing way how she removed her blemishes. The result was obvious—"my boy friend's smile told me that \_\_\_\_\_ really worked."

## *The lure of false logic*

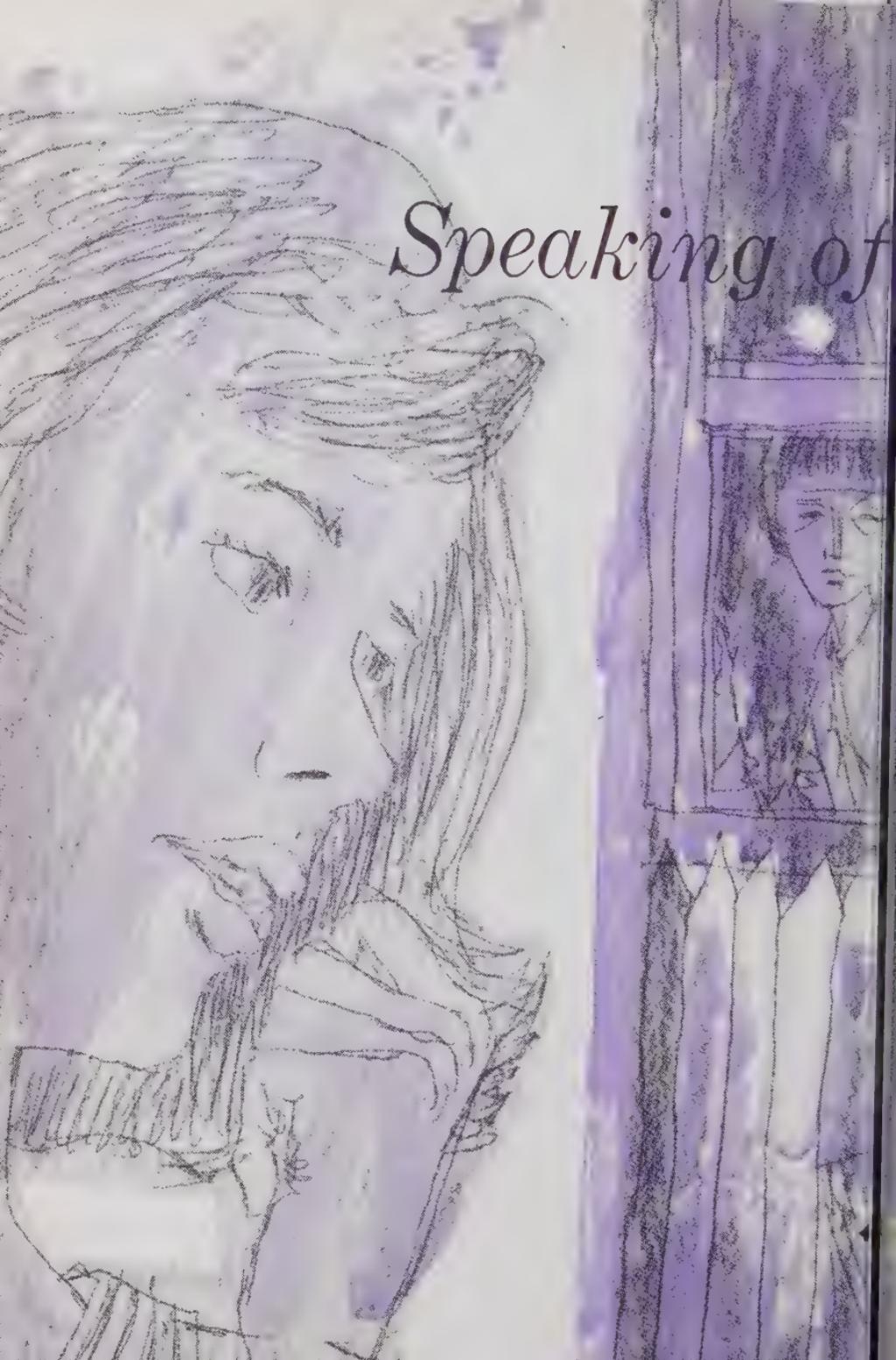
We are not too prone to examine the logic of statements that are hurled our way everyday. There is evidence, too, that we enjoy being fooled. So the advertiser has a field day with our carelessness. The prize example is the dangling comparison. This car, we are told, "delivers more power." More power than what? But we have no answer in the ad. The ad cannot name a competitor's car because this act would involve a law suit. As it stands, therefore, the statement means nothing. But it sells cars.

## *A simple philosophy of life*

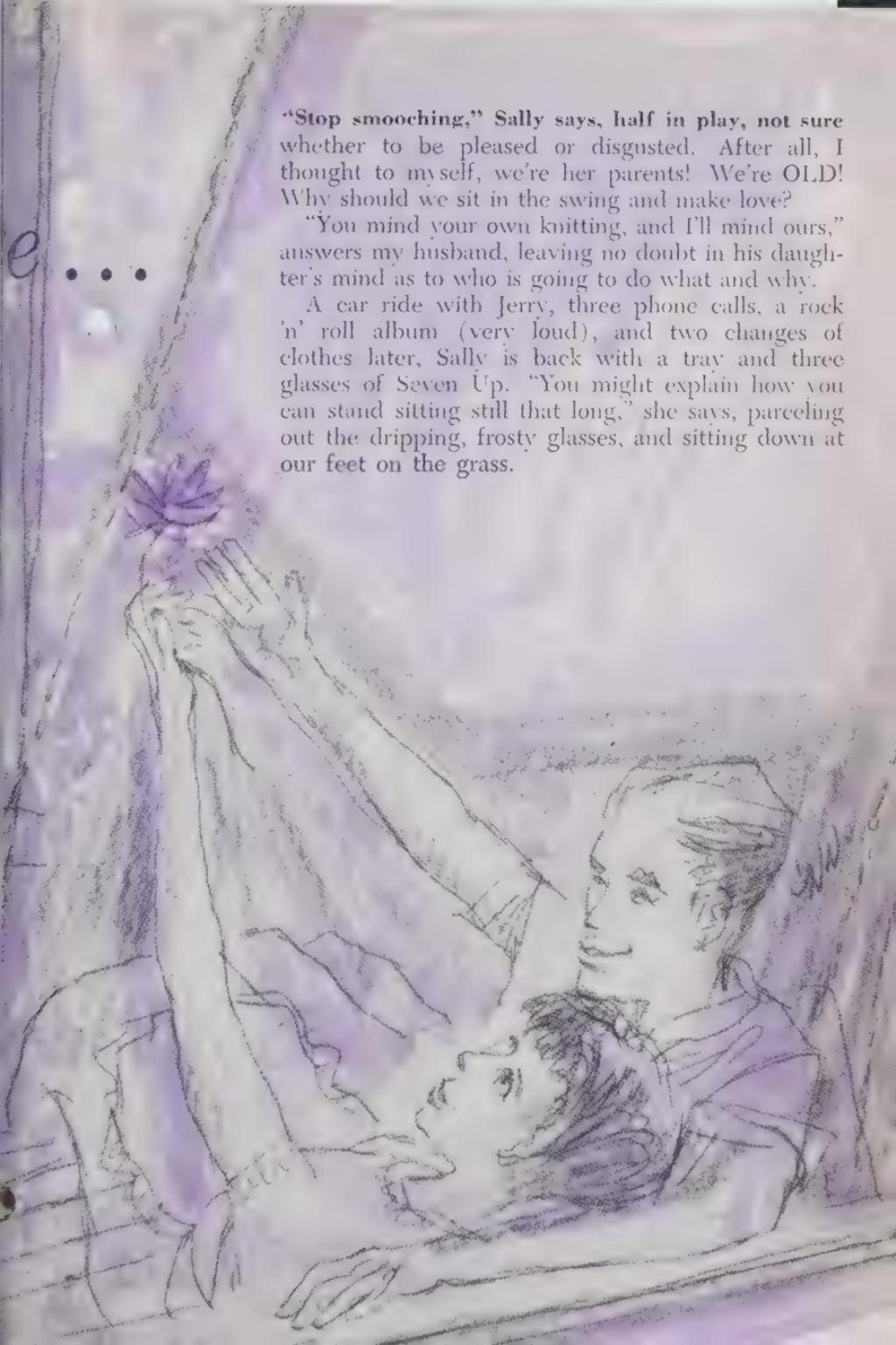
From the Christian perspective of life, nothing is more conflicting than the advertiser's working philosophy. The major value in life, the ad-man says, is the material. How much you possess becomes the measure of success. A chartreuse convertible. A zoom lens movie camera. The latest transistor. These are the things that really count in life, say the ads. Even more intangible values of life depend for their realization upon *things*—the love of a boy depends upon a girl's perfume, a friendship upon a deodorant, happiness upon gelatin. Life itself is quite simple to the ad-men. The discords, the perplexing problems of everyday are forgotten, or at least, are resolved through a very simple device—the purchase of the manufacturer's product. This also is the band wagon ethic. The fact that all the dazzling personalities are using Product A says nothing about the quality of it or the rightness of my using it. But the advertisers say it does. Do they really believe this themselves? What sort of confidence do they have in the products they sell? What sort of image do they have of the U.S. consumer? What does this say about our culture?

Everyday life tells many of us that money cannot buy love, happiness, true beauty, or the many other things the advertisers promise their products will produce. Why don't the advertisers tell us exactly what their products will actually do? Let us think for ourselves.

Until that day, how's your Ad-Resistance?—EDWIN BROCK



Speaking of



"Stop smooching," Sally says, half in play, not sure whether to be pleased or disgusted. After all, I thought to myself, we're her parents! We're OLD! Why should we sit in the swing and make love?

"You mind your own knitting, and I'll mind ours," answers my husband, leaving no doubt in his daughter's mind as to who is going to do what and why.

A car ride with Jerry, three phone calls, a rock 'n' roll album (very loud), and two changes of clothes later, Sally is back with a tray and three glasses of Seven Up. "You might explain how you can stand sitting still that long," she says, parceling out the dripping, frosty glasses, and sitting down at our feet on the grass.



## Speaking of love

"Who says we're sitting still," her father replies, his eyes twinkling, pinching me so hard I squeal.

"Really," says Sally.

And then, suddenly, this seems the time to talk with her about something that's been on our minds for some time now. We look at each other, and Mark starts, very excited, very eager to do it right . . .

"Sal," he says, "since when this growing embarrassment over your mother and me showing our affection toward each other? Don't other parents do when you're around?"

"Not much," says Sally. This is the moment. She wants to talk.

"Not much; just you and the Langers, and one or two others. But most of them act like it was wrong, and Mrs. Ellers said the other day she thought you were a disgrace the way you behaved at the dance last Saturday."

Don't laugh it off. How many bitter lessons it's taken us to learn that you don't just shrug away the smut of poisonous people.

"Mrs. Ellers," says my husband, looking at our daughter with suddenly very serious eyes, "hates both men and women and love. So when she says something like that, you must evaluate it accordingly. Do you follow?"

"Not exactly," says Sal.

"I don't either. But you watch her and see what happens. Her husband gone, and one son died, and she really doesn't make things grow—look at her garden, and how everything is dead in her house—just right and clean—nothing can live around her."

I start to say, "Don't be too hard," and remember how Mrs. Ellers offered to care for our canary when Sal was born. The canary died. Mrs. Ellers said it died because I'd had the baby too soon after we were married. I hadn't. Not that it mattered. Otherwise, she would have said I'd waited too long.

So I let truth be told about Mrs. Ellers. I even chuckled—what would she say if she knew Sal had the information she needed from me about contraceptives at the age of 16? No child of mine is going to be caught uninformed in a trap or accident if I can help it. We hope by now that our daughter has picked up from us something of our ideas about what's right and wrong. And we want to trust her. What she does, she selects. Right or wrong, it's her choice.

"You wouldn't like it if Jerry and I smooched the way you do," Sally says, changing the subject, uncomfortable, because we aren't often that rough at it people and their lives. It's my turn now.

"Do you want to be with Jerry the way I'm with your father sometimes?"

"I should say not," says Sal.

"Why not?" says I.

"Why, I'd be embarrassed. And anyway, you don't do anything," she says, impatient, mystified.

"There's your answer," I say.

She looks puzzled, and I want her to.

"It's taken years for your father and me to grow so much in loving each other that we like to just not do anything—at least, not anything you can see. It's something you become."

Mark squeezes my hand, and I must look awfully pleased.

"We've earned it," Mark says. "It isn't something you just suddenly decide to do or not do. It's something that grows out of us."

Sally doesn't look satisfied, and we don't mean to satisfy her with words. We sit quietly.

"What do you like to do with Jerry," I ask, hoping I'm not pushing it.

"Oh—" she moves the glass around, making series of circles in the damp awn. "He holds my hand, and I like that, or well—I wondered—he kisses me sometimes, and it's good. But other kids go so much further."

"Do you want to?" I ask.

"I don't know," Sal says, very honestly. "I think some do. And some of them do it just because they're curious, or someone says 'chicken,' and well—it's funny, because what Mrs. Ellers said to me—she said, 'growing up around all that love-making, you'll turn out to be a tart.' What's a tart?"

You don't laugh off the poison people inject, even if it's so out-of-date that it's hard to imagine your hip little teenager even listening.

"Mrs. Ellers is forgetting one thing, Sal. Your father and I chose each other, and we love each other, and we don't smooch with anyone else."

"She doesn't forget it," Mark says. "She just can't understand it, because she's never experienced what love is really like, and that's sad." Sally nods.

"One person is just like another to her," Mark continues. And I realize for the first time the fury Mark must have had in him long ago, when Mrs. Ellers had come into our house and tried to show me how to do everything about the baby, and the useless bird cage, and his shirts—whatever she could find to tell me how to do. "All they mean to her is someone to impose her way upon," I found myself saying. "And so—first—even though she had children, she never really made contact with her husband, she never heard

## *Speaking of love . . .*

what anyone said. She just told them the way it should be done, and grou at them until they did it that way. And finally people just left or died."

"But Mom, you do nice things for her."

Oh, I thought, and that was my mistake. "Not any more. Not after I told all those lies about the boy her daughter married. And I'm afraid, that previously I did things because I felt sorry for her—and that was wrong. She was acting the way she wanted to, and the only thing I could do that was honest was to let her know I didn't like it, and that I wasn't going to have anything to do with her when she acted that way. I learned to be firm with Mrs. Ellers, when necessary, is another way of helping her. Just like now . . . next time I see her I shall say to her, 'I don't want you talking to Sarah about things that are none of your business' and she'll tell people that, and then they'll have courage to tell her not to talk to the children in that manner." There was a long silence.

"Then what is love?" said Sal, from another world.

"It isn't pretending not to care when someone does something wrong," says Mark.

"Oh, shoot me at dawn," said Sally, and put her head in her hands.

"What?" I said, trying to sound nonexistent.

"I have to ask, because I just don't know what to do," Sal said.

We waited, so quiet I heard a fly buzz in the grass.

"Well—you won't tell—but the kids are planning a fast one after the harvest dance. There's a hayride, and they're going to take the horses, and let them loose when we get to the picnic grounds. Then we're going to start a fire, just a little one, and while all the people are off getting help, and looking for the horses and everything, they're going to hitch up the wagons and drive it off to a field. They got it all worked out. And when they get there they're going to dump the hay—and—and—" Sal coughed, "roll us girls in it." We stayed silent.

"Well, it wouldn't seem bad if it weren't so secret, but what they do mean, they don't tell. So Jerry said he didn't want us to go. And then, later, the boys kind of talked to him, and he said, well, he'd go, but I mustn't. And finally he said he'd take me if I didn't tell, and he wasn't going to do to me what the boys planned to do to the other girls."

"Go on," said Mark, quite calmly.

"Well, I don't like it. I just don't want to go. But what happens if I don't? And am I just silly? I mean, after all—is it just that I've got an evil mind or something, because I know what might happen, because I know—well—because you—well, because I know something about love because of you being real honest—being—well—I don't know, kind of open about whatever you do?"

"What has this to do with love?" I asked, trying not to overload my question with scorn.

"Well—" Sal thought about it awhile. "Well, really nothing," she said. "When you get right down to it, nothing."

"And so—"

Sal ran her tongue over her lips. Then she made a few little snapping noises with her tongue against her teeth.

"If I ask him to, Jerry'd drive his car, and we can leave if it gets bad."

"So much for everyone else—?" Mark asked, quite cold.

"Do I have to look out for them all the time? After all—" said Sal. "It's going to be tough enough to be called squares, and other names I wouldn't even tell you." We were very still.

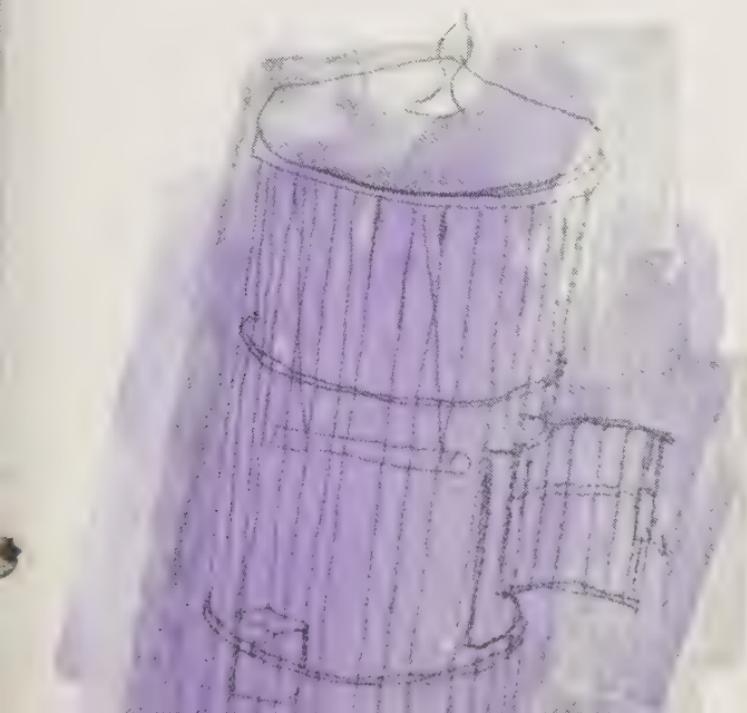
"I'll tell you what really hurts," said Sal. "It's that about my being a tart because I make love."

"I'll tell you," said Mark, "that any girl who has seen love, and knows what it is really like, will not go rolling in haystacks. The girls who roll in haystacks do so because they are starved—just starved frantic to know what is that has begun to come to life inside. They can't wait, because all that's head is what they see at home . . . And if what they see at home is cold and angry and without joy, why, what's to wait for? So you have to help them know there's something worth waiting for—that you and Jerry don't mean to do anything you don't feel is true just because someone calls you chicken."

"Mmmm" said Sal.

We were all very quiet again.

"And that you understand something about love—that it doesn't happen all at once—it grows. It takes a long time—it's a lot of little roots, and then



## *Speaking of love . . .*

little leaves, and then bigger and stronger roots, and leaves—until there is, and you know."

"That's what I think it should be," Sal said, suddenly forgetting all problems. "It's not very big now with Jerry—I mean, like, if he's away there all right, I go with someone else. But I like him so much! But everyone wants it to happen instant like—"

"—like coffee?"

"Yah—like it was something you got . . . and then that was that forever."

"Where does Mrs. Ellers fit in?" Mark asked.

Sal thought a long time. Then she said, "That's funny. When this came up, some of the kids said, well—if it's bad to be bad, and Mrs. Ellers is good, then let's be bad, and do it up right. That's the thing that got people started. It was a kind of joke at first."

"Well, Mrs. Ellers is a very lonely and unloving woman, and if you act reaction to her, you are going to do something unloving. You have to yourself, do what you honestly think is right, and then let her do the acting, assuming that you are loving, and worth reacting to."

Mark had never given a speech like that before. Jimmy, our son, had come out, glass in hand, and stood listening in wonderment.

"Come over, Jim," I said. "Join us. We're figuring out where the crazy hayride plot started."

Sal looked alarmed. "He'll tell!" she said. "We aren't supposed to tell."

"Jim isn't going to tell anything that he's told not to. But I assume Sally, that you will have told whatever needs telling long before Jim would even consider doing such a thing. And I assume, Jim, that if something wrong was going to happen, you'd tell us you couldn't keep it secret, and us all know you intended to let it be known." Both children seemed satisfied.

"I thought," said Sal, "that the best thing would be to tell Jerry first that we agree with him—that the whole thing's all mixed up, and then talk to the kids about the fire part, and people getting hurt, and after all, who were we kidding?"

She got up then, took our glasses, and gave the swing a push. "Go on," she said, "smooch," and off she went with a smile.

"Girls!" Jim growled, and lay on his stomach, drinking his pop.

What is the time to take hands off? At what point must you trust the young to find their own way—how far to protect, control, check and shelter? We let it go at that—and only once asked about the hayride, specifically.

"Everything working out to your satisfaction?" Mark said one evening.

"Great!" Sal answered.

A week later she said, off-hand like, "The kids wondered if you'd have time to be chaperons on the hayride next month. Would that be ok?"

"I guess so," Mark said, "if you think that's a good idea."

"I promised maybe you'd talk to us a little bit about—" Sally actually blushed—"love."

When she left, Mark turned to me and said, laughter shaking him from tip to toe—"We asked for it." —BARBARA CHAPIN



## in SCHOOL NEWS

### BRITISH SCHOOL DROP-OUTS DON'T FIT THE IMAGE

A new survey of British school drop-outs reveals that their popular image as trouble-makers (interested primarily in outlandish fads and having a "good time") does not fit with the facts. The study as reported by the British Council of Churches concludes that the majority of these youth want "a good job . . . a happy marriage . . . possessions of the expected order in our affluent society and a quiet retirement." Further, it showed that 30 percent of the girls and 25 percent of the boys take some part in religious activities. A news bulletin notes that "all this is flatly contradictory to the usual picture of adolescence in the 1960's . . . it ought to be widely read and pondered."

### DUTCH CATHOLICS, PROTESTANTS HOLD JOINT YOUTH RALLY

Five-thousand Dutch youth, 55 percent of them Protestant and 45 percent Catholic, met in Utrecht, Holland, this fall for a day-long, get-acquainted congress. The theme was "Five loaves of bread and two

Rosemary "Pixie" Smallwood, a junior at the University of Nebraska, lives in a man's world and doesn't seem to mind. Since she was a senior in high school she has been photographing sports events for local and school papers. She was knocked down once by a football player but picked herself up none the worse for a few bruises.

fishes" and the noon-day meal consisted of bread, fish, and cheese. The young people heard speeches by a Protestant and a Roman Catholic leader, saw a ballet based on the theme, took part in community singing and discussions. They pleaded that opportunity be made available for similar contact on the local level. The congress is believed to have been the largest interconfessional youth rally of its kind.

### JAZZ LITURGY INCLUDES SERMON IN PIANO CHORDS

Advent Lutheran Church of New York recently presented a liturgical jazz service called "A Musical Offering to God." From the call of worship to the benediction, worshippers were led not by words but by the sound of drums, bass and piano. The sermon was a message conveyed by thoughtful piano chords, bass and drum beats and closing variations on the theme of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." The liturgy was created by Thomas Vaughn, a 26-year-old jazz pianist and senior at Yale Divinity School, and Charlie Smith, a drummer who formerly played with Benny Goodman and Count Basie.

## may we quote you?

### RELIGIOUS VOCATION NEEDS VALIDITY TO CHALLENGE YOUTH

All the vocation campaigns in the world will not attract young people or hold their interests unless they perceive the religious life to be challenging, exciting, and relevant. Father Andrew Greely of Chicago recently expressed this opinion in a speech to a Roman Catholic convention on vocations. He also said: "Today the boundaries of one's world are expanding . . . Teenagers are much harder to deceive. They are much less patient than we would have been with empty formalism, pious silliness, narrow intellectualism, petty rivalry, ritualistic triviality, and small-minded tyranny. . . . I also feel the young person of today is more generous. Our generation could not have contributed the Peace Corps or Papal Volunteers."

### UNEMPLOYMENT AMONG TEENS IS EXPLOSIVE SOCIAL ISSUE

An average of 18 out of 100 teens in the U. S. who wanted to work during the past several months were unable to find employment, according to government statistics. The *New York Times* called the teens the "worst victims of our continuing failure to curb national unemployment." It noted that the rate of teen-age unemployment is triple the jobless rate among older workers. Labor Secretary Wirtz was quoted as saying that teen-age idleness may become one of the most explosive social issues in U. S. history.

- You might gauge a man's intellectual capacity by the degree of his ignorance of noise.—Herbert Spencer
- If individuality has no play, society does not advance; if individual breaks out of all bounds, society perishes.—T. H. Handy
- Nothing is enough for the man whom enough is too little.—Picuru
- O God, help us not to despise what we do not understand.—William Penn
- No question is so difficult to answer as that to which the answer is obvious.—George Bernard Shaw
- To me the charm of an encyclopedia is that it knows—and I needn't.—Frances Yeats-Brown
- There are two kinds of fools. One says, "This is old, therefore it is good." The other says, "This is new, therefore it is better."—Dean Inge
- Every man has a right to be conceited until he is successful.—Benjamin Disraeli
- Life is a garment we continually alter but which never seems to fit.—David McCord
- To love at all is to be vulnerable.—C. S. Lewis
- There must always be a struggle between a father and a son, while one aims at power and the other at independence.—Samuel Johnson
- Anyone can do any amount of work provided it isn't the work he is supposed to be doing at the moment.—Robert Benchley

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#### CREDITS /

PHOTOS / cover, 2 through 7, John Mast; 21, United Press International.

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AUTHORS / Edwin L. Brock, freelance writer, Wheat Ridge, Colo.; Barbara Chapin, freelance writer, New York City, N. Y.; George Jellinek, a contributing editor of *HiFi/Stereo Review*.

# *n the ROUND* **OPERA FOR TEENS**



**"How would you go about introducing teens to opera?"** The editor recently asked me this question. So let's tackle this topic in this column. As a father of one teenager and a sort of consultant to many, I can draw on considerable personal experience.

Note the wording of the question. "Introducing" is the key word, for, in the majority of cases, that is all an adult—parent, teacher, or friend—will accomplish. The rest, that is to say, the transformation of a casual inquirer into a fan of opera, may come with surprising ease, or in gradual stages, or perhaps never. Whichever the case may be, there should be no pressure. Opera needs no salesmanship; it should sell itself. If you are responsive to its magic, opera will enrich your life; if you aren't, you'll never know it but the loss is yours.

Where the response is instantaneous, there is precious little left for the "introducer" to do—the novice will probe deeper and soon will be on his way to becoming an enthusiast. Such a fortunate young person may safely be removed from consideration here. Let us concentrate, instead, on the vastly larger group of teenagers who are reluctant or downright hostile on the subject, and who are likely to meet this "introduction" with resistance. Pressure, as I said before, will accomplish nothing. The exposure must be gradual, the means subtle and considerate. Some people may inherit the musical interest of their parents, but this is by no means certain. Generally speaking, however, it is easier to expose someone to opera in a home where monograph records are heard, where radio stations featuring good music

The recent special issue on "Man and His Religions" has inspired me to write this letter. It is an issue of YOUTH that should receive wide distribution and I hope the paper-back edition will be given broad circulation. The second paragraph of the introduction to that issue could well become a classic creed for those who search for truth in complete sincerity and honesty. Throughout the past few years, YOUTH magazine has shown remarkable sympathy and understanding of groping youth in a confused age. You have been willing to explore and search for the meaning in "far out" art, music and literature, without seeming to be contemptuous, or supercilious, toward middle class conventionality. I appreciate what you're doing.

—W. M., *East Lansing, Mich.*

This is a letter of appreciation for the work of your magazine which is excellent, to the point of amazing in this day of the mundane and the mediocre. As the cattle man said to me as we bounded across the prairie on our horses: "This is what is called 'authentic encounter.'" I am glad you are willing to reprint pertinent articles, face the big issues, and accept contributions from men who understand the times and the faith.—D. B., *Broadus, Mont.*

I know you have had a lot of letters about a poem (?) published in YOUTH last spring. We have a hard enough time trying to bring the message of the living Christ to our

youth without this kind of stuff add to our problems. I think this type of poetry is lost on most of us and our young people. We hope this type of thing can be omitted in the future.—F. G. Whittier, *Calif.*

Since everyone takes a good thing for granted, it is probably not surprising that we were really astounded by all the adverse criticism (mostly from adults) of Ferlinghetti's poem. Nevertheless, we think it is meaningful. We affirm the biblical understanding that God acts in many ways and through many people, including the creative person—and we hope that YOUTH will continue making this important Christian witness.

—Junior High Class  
St. Mark's Church  
Cleveland, O.

I simply must write and tell you how much I enjoy YOUTH magazine. It is the only magazine I care to renew my subscription on. The articles introducing new ideas such as getting a pen pal and joining a summer caravan are especially good. Many of my friends borrow my copies after I have read them and YOUTH is even enjoyed by Catholics. The magazine with Luther on the front (I have loaned the magazine to a teacher so I can't state the date) has been one of the best yet. All my friends, and even the teachers, enjoyed the cartoon about book reports. A world history teacher asked to borrow it to read passages on the Reformation to her classes. YOUTH is a good magazine—good with worthwhile articles and no trashy advertisements.

B.W., *Naugatuck, Conn.*



AY ANN ROBERTSON  
Boonville, Ind.

attend Indiana University where I major in elementary education. I first drew these cartoons on a car trip which our family took last summer. The weather was hot and my brother, then 13 years old, was growing tired. To take his mind away from the comforts of the trip, I had to amuse myself as well, I drew a cartoon character whom I called 'Igor.' Actually the cartoons are of all. They show how I feel at times. Perhaps you would be interested in where I get ideas for these 'people.' It's simple—from the people I see every day. I found I loved to draw people who looked and acted as awkward as I often did, and I formed an attachment for them. A pencil and paper and some spare time formed the basis of a hobby which I enjoy very much."

## People on Parade /

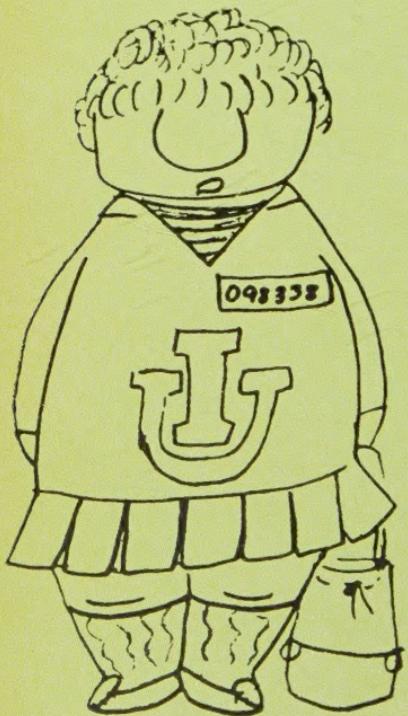
Have we been introduced?



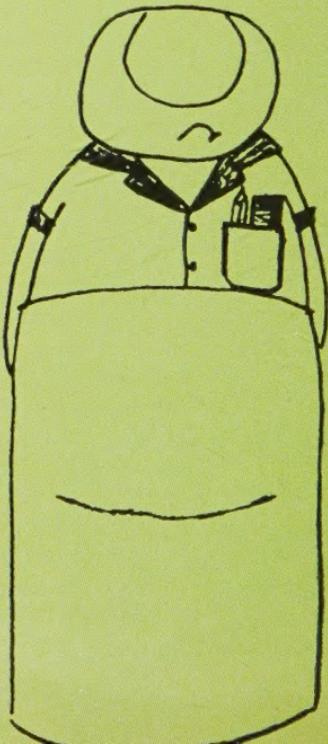
The light's changed three times, M'am.  
Don't you like our selection of colors?

## People on Parade /

Who are you kidding? That's  
my college I. B. M. number.



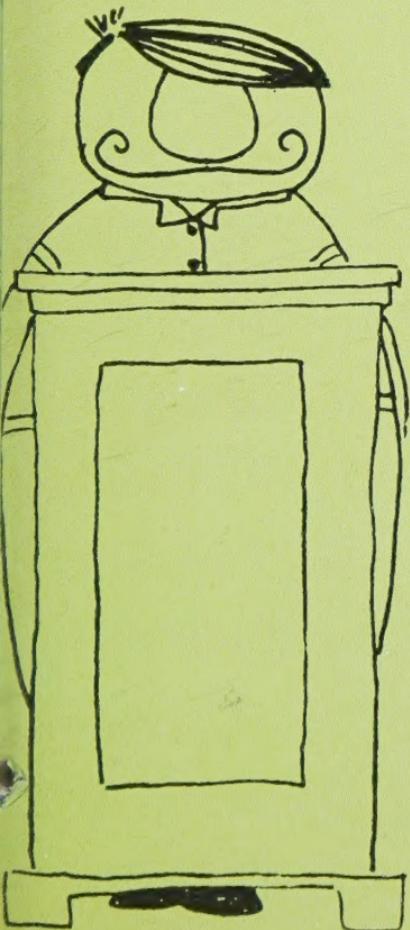
All right, so the bowl was dirty  
but you made several customers mad  
when you threw it.



I'll never date him again! His idea of "fun" is going to the drive-in on a pogo stick!



embers of the speech class,  
e title of my speech is  
ieting is Fun!"



And boys, while this school does not emphasize sports, the Alumni do.



